The JESUITS Character.

Written by a Member of the POPISH CLUB.

To the *Black Smiths* Tune, *Which no body can deny.*

THE *Jesuits* they are a sort of Men (Pen,
That the Name of *Jesus* usurp with their
In a thousand, honest are hardly ten;
Which no body can deny.

The Churches of God they make Dens of Thieves,
They cajol the Men, and lye with their Wives,
When th' are to be hang'd, none wish 'em Reprieves;
Which no body can deny.

For Christian Charity, they all despise it,
But as to themselves they all will advise it;
And if they once beg, he's a knave that denies it.
Which no body can deny.

The Doctrine of *Devils* is all they teach,
Wo be to them that come in their reach;
For Murder and Treason is all that they Preach.
Which no body can deny.

In your Cities both great and fair,
Where conveniences are to spare,
There your *Jesuits* always are.
Which no body can deny.

Magnificent Houses, excellent Wine,
Their Bread of the whitest, and Linnen so fine,
With a Cloak to the Ground they always design.
Which no body can deny.

Turkies, Capons, Chickens, and Geese,
Swans and Peacocks at so much apiece,
For a Dinner worth *Jason's* Golden Fleece.
Which no body can deny.

Of Lamb and Veal, the tendrest bits,
And the choicest of Mutton too by fits;
These are the Books employ their wits.
Which no body can deny.

Thus in their Houses they keep revel Rout,
Where all things go in, but nothing goes out;
So merrily goes the year about.
Which no body can deny.

Where ever they come they search and pry,
Not a Family passage escapes their Eye,
And then they report what ever they spy.
Which no body can deny.

As for high Honour and worldly Pomp,
They turn up always these things Trump,
And rather than lose, to the *Devil* will jump.
Which no body can deny.

When ever a rich Man lies a dying,
The *Jesuits* presently they come flying,
To get what they can by wheadling and lying.
Which no body can deny.

In the Courts of Princes, who but they;
Among the Clergy they bear great sway,
And the *Devils* among the Laity play.
Which no body can deny.

To bloody Revenge they still excite,
For public hate, and private spite,
Are chiefly the Lectures they endite,
Which no body can deny.

Princes and Kings they destin to slaughter,
For which they are sometimes noos'd in a Halter,
Belov'd as the *Devil* loves Holy Water.
Which no body can deny.

For to maintain their Earthly pride,
All fear of Heaven and Hell they deride,
And in so doing th' are not bely'd.
Which no body can deny.

They would have murder'd our gracious King;
And was not that a most damnable thing?
But some are gone to Heaven in a String.
Which no body can deny.

Full many a Monarch they have kill'd,
And Royal Blood have cruelly spill'd;
But Providence did our Soveraign shield.
Which no body can deny.

They would have subverted our Government,
And against the Nation were wickedly bent,
For which reason they were to *Tiburn* sent.
Which no body can deny.

Popery they would fain have brought in,
Which says that King-killing is no Sin;
But *Ketch* did hang them up by the Chin.
Which no body can deny.

Now may they all go to the *Devil* headlong,
For then they can do us no farther wrong,
Which is the conclusion of my Song.
Which no body can deny.

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